

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

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EDITORIAL.

DOCTOR TOWNSEND said the other day to his people, "There is no greater sorrow than to feel that we have neglected or wasted a God-given opportunity."

H. TAMBS LYCHE writes us that his correspondents tell him that his post-office mission tracts, which he sends to Norway, go wandering about from house to house as long as the paper holds together.

MR. MEAD's lectures at the Plymouth church in this city, of which the Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus is pastor, have drawn large audiences. Mr. Mead is fortunate in being a missionary of breadth, culture and ethical earnestness, without being fettered by sectarian prejudices and denominational lines.

MAX MULLER speaks of India as "the country in which to study the true origin and natural growth of religion." Some one criticises this by saying: "This is true of what theologians call 'natural' religion, which is assumed to be a growth out of human consciousness; but the Christian religion is not a natural religion." On this, opinions may differ, but our verdict would be, if Christianity is not a natural religion, so much the worse for it.

J. F.

MOST of our western readers are too far away, and too much wanting in local associations, to understand the full significance of the recent merging of two Unitarian churches in Boston,—the South Congregational church and the Hollis Street church. By this arrangement, H. Bernard Carpenter, the brilliant poet-preacher, retires from his charge, where he was much beloved, and Edward Everett Hale and his colleague, Edward Hale, become pastors of the combined church, which starts out unencumbered with debt, and with a constituency large in numbers and abundant in means. From this united church great things are to be expected. The blended traditions of both societies, the merging of geographical lines, and the philanthropic and open-hearted attitude of Mr. Hale justify great expectations. But do we not have here another slight but significant indication of the trend of things? Not more churches, but better churches, America needs. The tendency to emphasize harmonies rather than differences will surely demonstrate, little by little, the foolishness of separate organizations in many a locality. To-day church union, and not theological discussion, is the thing to work for. America is growing toward a church "for the people, by the people, and of the people." Signs are not wanting that the American Catholic church is already forming under this or some other name.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Christian Register* seems greatly elated because a western church, in its recent dedicatory services, italicized in its order of exercises the words, "*to a pure and ever-growing Christianity*," because, he said, it is needed in "these days of vague generalities." Upon the taste and judgment of the local parish and minister we have no criticism to make. Individuality asserts itself in type, as it ought to, and always does; although we do not see how a responsive service, strongly devotional in its nature, can specially emphasize one line above another; but with this deliberate attempt to make a theological virtue, and to teach a general lesson, by these *italics*, we are moved to make a comment. We turn to the services to see what the "vague generalities" are which are left in *common* type. Among the

subordinate words are these: "Truth," "Righteousness," "Universal Brotherhood," "Religion," "God our heavenly Father," "Love," "Thanksgiving," "Praise," "the thought of immortality," "the consecration and education of children," the ascription of the Lord's prayer which gives to God "the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory." We cannot believe that this zealous minister meant to subordinate these words to the word "Christian," the content of which is often with him and others a matter of investigation and discussion. Rather we think this an unconscious emphasis of a nervous clutching for words in an age remarkable for its frank speech, and a growing preference in general for substance rather than form, for things rather than names. We believe the italicized words belong in the vocabulary of the devout, but we shrink from the irreverence that asks us to use the printer's art to make invidious comparisons between the word "Christian" and the great names of the nameless One. Next we will have the Lord's prayer italicized in spots, and the sermon on the Mount printed in small caps, and italics, and lower case, in proportion as emphasis is needed "in these days of vague generalities."

OUR friends the Universalists are offering a cash prize of one hundred dollars for "the best statement of Universalism." Within a limit of eight thousand words, the successful competitor must "make a statement that will show how Universalism satisfies every religious want in man, and is therefore needed by, and appeals to, all." The present attitude of the denomination toward traditional methods, or at least its recognition of the spirit of the times, is evinced in the request that the desired statement be "not an abstract theological discussion," and "not a 'proof' of Universalism from the Bible or Nature, except incidentally, but a simple and attractive statement, in answer to the questions, What is Universalism, and What is it good for?" We have never seen an advertisement for a hat-block upon which hats could be molded for all heads, but we should as soon expect a satisfactory response to such an advertisement, as to one calling for a "statement" which should satisfy all thinking brains. Yet we hope that our brethren may find a statement which can do duty as a missionary document, even if it does not prove that denominational Universalism satisfies every religious want in man.

THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal* publishes a lengthy "open letter to the Seybert Commission," by A. B. Richmond, an able and well-known criminal lawyer of Meadville, Pa. In his letter, which is clear, forcible, and evidently written in perfect candor and earnestness, Mr. Richmond narrates certain experiences which he had at the camp meeting of the Spiritualists on Cassadoga lake, N. Y. He claims to be an adept in legerdemain, and holds that the phenomena he witnessed could not be produced in the manner set forth by the Commission in its report, recently published. He says: "I do not say that the manifestations I saw came from the spirit-world—if there is such a world—but I do say that I do not believe they were feats of legerdemain. It may be that the believers in spirit manifestations are in error—and I confess that I fear they are,—yet, until you can explain all the phenomena that attend their seances on the theory of fraud, you are not entitled to a verdict." The letter, and the report which it criticises, are worth reading as contributions to the growing literature of "Psychic Research," a branch of legitimate science, which is attracting much attention among progressive minds.

The Debilitating Adjective.

The reign of the adjective in English literature is of comparatively recent date. The earlier masters wrote with substantive and verb, and did not expect to produce their strong effects by their modifiers. All this has changed. Modern literature as well as modern conversation is full of adjectives. We fear American more than English pages are thus colored. It is no longer Niagara, but *splendid* Niagara; not mother's love, but *tender* mother's love; not our country, but our *glorious* country; not religion, but *Christian* religion; not Christianity, but *pure* Christianity. We are not among those who despise adjectives; and we doubtless are among those who indulge too freely in them. Great is the use of the adjective; but we do want to protest against this flippant and cant use of the adjective "pure" in relation to Christianity. Our first objection lies in the fact that it leads to the Phariseism, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." The *Christian Register* of last week rendered morals and religion a service by reminding its readers that "There is not a single religious denomination that does not claim to teach pure Christianity. Neither the noun nor the adjective which accompanies it serves to distinguish one Christian sect from another." With what sincerity does the Catholic devotee and the Episcopalian enthusiast, as well as the Universalist and the Unitarian, insist that his pursuit if not his possession is "*pure*" Christianity; now what right has a little denomination with a limp and pale history of less than a hundred years, like the Unitarians, to claim by this adjective that that tremendous energy that has swept down through the ages, moulding nations, building cities, and shaping civilizations, is *impure* Christianity because it holds so much that the "*pure*" Christianity of the Unitarian rejects.

This suggests our second distrust of the adjective; however complimentary it is meant to be, it really denudes the great warm reality it tries to define. If we inquire at the Unitarian headquarters what "*pure*" Christianity is, we will be promptly replied, "The life and teachings of Jesus," or as our contemporary the *Register* puts it, "The religion of the Golden Rule, the Lord's prayer and the two great commandments." Good, but this religion never built cathedrals, painted the master pieces of Christian art, composed and sang the great oratorios, went on Crusades, established fast and feast days, lifted souls by the pomp of ceremonials, humbled them with anchoritic penances, tamed them with purgatorial fears and disciplined them with apostolic rites and ecclesiastical authority. The Christianity that did all this had creeds, forms, banners, armies, priests, bishops, etc., that the Unitarian does not believe in. Compared to this, the "*pure*" Christianity that excludes and denudes is but a disembodied spirit, an impotent ghost. We will respect and honor, not only the Christianity of Jesus but the Christianity of Paul, with all his theological subtleties; the Christianity of Augustine, of Chrysostom, of St. Bernard, aye, and the Christianity of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, as well as the Christianity of Luther, Wesley, Ballou, Channing and Parker. The Christianity that deserves our honor, gratitude and study is the Christianity that is colored like the waters of a river with the soil of the country through which it passes. Doctor Hedge has well argued that Athanasius with his Trinity taught a higher truth concerning the divine nature than Arius with his Unity. The "*pure*" Christianity, as defined by the Unitarians, does represent the underlying principles of the Christian movement, because it represents the universal elements of religion. Love, duty, humility, faith in God, and service to man, trust and prayer, which the Unitarian insists upon as "*pure*" Christianity,—are found in all religions, and consequently are the least characteristic things in Christianity.

Christianity as interpreted by history (and this would seem to be the only authoritative interpretation) is these principles clothed with institutions, rites, doctrines, creeds and ceremonials adapted to the needs and capacities of the various ages and lands in which it has dominated. This clothing, this coloring, is what has given to Christianity its dominating power. To denude Christianity of all this by the complac-

ent adjective "*pure*," is to ignore much of that which has given comfort, strength and devotion to Christendom. Is not this also pure Christianity? As pure as the limpid teachings of Jesus. For does it not represent the pure affections of pure souls? The pure purposes of pure hearts? Has it not sustained pure lives and given pure comfort, and does it not represent the most distinctive peculiarities in that form of religion which has shaped the devotions of the most civilized nations? We honor this Christian stream entire; we recognize that the universal elements of religion, which certain Unitarian friends at this time would fain compel us to call "*pure* Christianity," must clothe themselves with forms adapted to each new age. In seeking for this new clothing of form and living word we will use and honor Christianity in its synthesis; but we will not slavishly follow. What we need is, not a denuded Christianity, but a developed religion into which the great Christian stream has poured all its wealth of life, poetry, fable and truth. Whatever has helped humanity is pure. To the pure all things are pure.

The Society of Solitude.

We are apt to think that when a man retires from life in the city or village, he goes into actual solitude. We do not see that neighbors, relatives, friends, are but manifestations of that Power which speaks through every form of life. Does he leave behind him the voice of man? He goes into the midst of myriad voices, any one of which should speak more eloquently than the lips of his friend. No human tongue can speak as the leaves speak. No human lips so eloquent as the tinted lips of the lily, parted in perfumed breath. No tone of man so full of meaning as the notes of birds, the ripple of running brooks, the manifold untranslated voices of nature. Does he leave behind him the face of his friend? He comes into the company of faces more beautiful than any face of man or woman. The glad countenance of the violet or daisy, the broad genial face of the sunflower, these compensate, and more, for the faces he has left. Solitude, to the man of the spirit, is not vacant but full of intensest life. For the flitting forms of men and women, changing at the bid of some ape of fashion, he has for company the thoughts of the great and good, visions of truth and beauty, images of the ideal haunting him as dreams of the day. His neighbors are the forms of kindred life that flourish all about him. The song of the bird beats at his ears as notes from the throat of a fellow. The splash of water, the patter of raindrops on the roof, the sighing of the night wind around his dwelling, the chirp of the cricket, the hoot of the owl, the croaking of frogs, the buzz of insects,—these are but syllables in the speech of nature, through which the Great Soul speaks to his. Human voices are dull and empty, compared with the fresh glad voices of nature. The speech of man is degenerate. Flattery, sycophancy, lies, have so debased his speech that it is no longer healthy and normal. These voices of nature never speak false. In them is no deception. What they utter they are; and the understanding of the man may seize upon them as revelations of the real.

Companionable forms stand all about us. For us the trees gossip and laugh; to our ears are directed the songs of the birds and the chatter of squirrels; for our eyes the petals of the flowers unfold; for our sense is their perfume cast on the air; for our feet the grass carpets the earth; for our delectation are shady bowers, still waters, ripened fruits, clustering grapes, trees and vines and outspread fields, and hillsides lit by the slanting sun. For us earth ripens her harvests; for us the corn grows yellow on the ear; for us the sunbeam paints rosy red the apple's cheek and golden yellow the heads of grain; for us the winds fetch perfume from the south, the waters catch the kisses of the sun, the robe of Mother Earth is oft renewed, changed from the green of spring to the rainbow hues of autumn; for us all forms and forces blend themselves to make the harmony of life. And shall man stand in solitude among these forms and voices? Ah, no! All these are brothers, fellows to the man. Fresh from creation's perfect mold, they teach him purity and truth. Unsullied by the taints of

sin, they show him what himself might be. Unbought by gold, they preach to him of virtue, honor truth. They stand as teachers to his soul, and all their lessons are most holy writ.

Apart from men, but dwelling with God, amid all His myriad voices! Alone, but not alone. Companioned by the children of God, not yet prodigal to their Father's love. Say not that he who leaves behind the din and whirl of men, must stand alone. He leaves the images, but finds the dwelling place of God. He shuts his ears to the empty voices of babbling men, but opens his soul to the voices of God, full of divinest meaning. He goes from solitude into the company of all that is kindred to his soul. He is no longer the companion of men, but he becomes the companion of the Infinite and Eternal.

S. L.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

A September Lane.

One time we left the dusty thoroughfare,
We two, and wandered down a country lane.
The fields on either hand lay brown and bare,
Shorn of their garnered wealth of golden grain.

But the green roadside was all thickly set
With purple iron-weed and with plummy grass,
Pert oxeye daisies, homely Bouncing-Bet—
No town belle but a genuine country lass.

Wholesome and sturdy,—here and there the coil
Of the wild grapevine and convolvuli;
Wood sorrel lifted up its green trefoil
And shapely golden cup to woo the bee.

A hurrying robin shook the graceful plume
Of goldenrod as it flew swift along,
Primroses pale exhaled a faint perfume
Ethereal as a strain of distant song.

Snapdragon in the hedgerow sought to hide;
And pennyroyal, and catnip with the dull
Green leaf and dusty bloom, grew side by side.
Of simple-sweet beauty all the place was full,

Such as fond Nature strews in hidden nooks,
Careless if human eye shall ever see;
And here and there the wasted summer brooks
Over the sun-cracked rocks stole silently.

Resting a moment—Do you mind the place?—
Under a thorn-tree set with spikes blood-red,
With keen far glancing eye you sought to trace
The path, and pondered if it homeward led.

Then I, because my thoughts were often rife
With wanton questionings of the future, cried:—
“Will this long lane be like our lot in life?
For see—we know not whither it will guide,

“But blindly trace its length with lingering feet.
Ah yes, I feel our life is like the lane—
Not grand or great, but calm and homely-sweet.”
And mind you how you answered me again?

“Love, if it be, we'll take them as they come—
The common blessings that may fill our lot,
And be so happy in our quiet home
The joys of greater lives shall be forgot.

“See—though the path by us be all untried,
The eternal heavens smiling o'er it bend;
And the same Power that decked the green wayside,
Will it not lead us onward to the end?”

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON,

CINCINNATI, O.

Religion and Politics.

We hear a good deal about politics and as much about religion of late, yet when we see a clergyman engaging in political life or interesting himself in the current problems of our civilization—those problems which remain for the people to solve by their suffrages—we are apt, unless broad in intellect, to decide such action or such conduct unwise, or at least imprudent. People seem to feel, or rather a few people seem to believe, that the province of a clergyman is the pulpit. And they go so far as not only to criticise the clergymen who are at all inclined to be public spirited or take hold of public affairs, but also to withdraw their support, even slander and misrepresent them. Note the remark, which the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost made in this city when he addressed the united labor party, and congratulated it upon the unanimous nomination of Henry George for secretary of state, that he was so hampered by the requirements of a comparatively narrow field that he would be glad if some power would excommunicate him, so that he could be free to act as he pleased. This declaration was a naked hint at the seclusive life of a clergyman and the expression of a long and pent-up dissatisfaction which has residence in the life of more than one minister. It showed that there was a desire on the part of the clergy to be broader than their pulpits, while there was, on the part of the congregation, an effort to abridge their privileges, control their ambition, circumscribe their mission, and mark out the duties of their life. Of course, such zealous and uncalled-for advice or effort is highly appreciated by the ministry. Public teachers, who are paid to teach, treasure the suggestions of their pupils and listen to their murmurings rather than to the commands of their own conscience and judgment. The truth of the whole matter is in this: Politics has become another name for jobbery, rascality, demagogism. Hence our good and pious people think that a clergyman will soil his hands, corrupt his heart and sink into a general demoralized state of being by meddling with politics.

And yet, what other means have we by which we can mold humanity in general, or guide the state, or legislate, or re-write the laws, than by the ballot, and how are men to be convinced of the wrong of bad, ignorant or careless voting? how are they to be directed in regard to correct and fair political action, if those who know what right is and who stand up before the world as paragons of manhood and truth-giving teachers, are denied the privilege of declaring the truth wherever and whenever it may be expedient or proper? If right is right in religion, it is right in politics, and a congregation who would deny their pastor a hearing outside of the church, or refuse to retain him as their minister if he, in the streets or in a hall, unmasked error and gave humanity what to him seems to be the dictates of his reason and conscience, ought to hire a fool for a teacher or change their tactics. It is generally believed that politics is a machine to be run by practitioners, whether pure or corrupt, and this opinion obtains among the more intelligent people, who declare that a decent man will hardly run for office, because offices are the gift of the ward demagogue, the saloon and the boodle leaders or mugwumps of a party. And in a particular this comparison is offensively true. And therefore, again, there is a demand for those rightminded men who will, by their eloquence and logic, change the current of public opinion and give intelligence to the political action of the masses of mankind.

But some men love half measures or compromises. As Herbert Spencer asserts in his social statics, if they were asked whether the earth turns on its axis from east to west or from west to east, they would reply, “A little of both,” or “Not exactly either.” They hate positive statements. And so they would like to see the clergy steal up to the polls and deposit their ballot secretly. These people would be terribly offended if they should learn that dear Reverend So-and-So tried to convince Mr. Brown that his party was in the wrong; that the party for which he cast his vote represents a nobler idea, or a more feasible and constitutional platform. I deem it,—and by saying so, I represent a majority of the ministry,—that it is a part of the everlasting duty of a clergy-

man to preach the truth fearlessly. He may choose the occasion or the opportunity for the declaration of truth, yet he is a coward whether in or out of the pulpit, for a salary or for a congregation, for precedent or for popularity, to varnish it, to attempt to reconcile it to error or make it justify the wrong. A clergyman can not afford, nor can he, without injury to himself, straddle two horses going two different directions. And it was against this tendency among the rabbis and hypocrisy of the pharisees and sadducees that Jesus hurled many rebukes and paid a glowing tribute to the fishermen who had abandoned their boats and nets and had dared to take up the cross and follow him. Religion means duty to one another and to God—and in a collective sense to individuals constituting a state, a society or a nation. Woe be to the man who refuses to speak in season thoughts which he knows may help to decide the destiny of humanity. And woe be to the high priests of this nineteenth century who for self-aggrandizement live for Mammon and not for God. The pulpit should stand for the seat of truth, and from it in earth as from the very throne of deity, if throne we may suppose God has, should issue justice without disguise.

"Then I said—'O Lord, I am Thine,
And wait but the word from Thee;
But why are Thy looks divine
So searchingly turned on me?'"

"Then he spake, and with kind command,
His words as the dew came down—
'Brother, the day is at hand,
Lay hold on the Cross and the Crown!'"

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

The Compensations of the Country.

(From a paper read before a Farmers' Institute held at River Falls, Wis., December 1, 1886, on "What Can the Farm Do For the Girl.")

I take it for granted that the baby girl in the country belongs to the same species as the baby girl anywhere else, and is capable of like development. That the baby girl is to be trained in directions which will increase her happiness as a woman. That happiness for woman, as well as for man, lies in the direction of greatest helpfulness, not in the path of greatest helplessness. That greatest helpfulness results from fullest development of the physical, mental, and moral nature of the individual.

Emerson in his essay on compensation says: "Every excess causes a defect. Every defect an excess. Every sweet has its sour, every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty in its abuse. For everything you have missed you have gained something else, and for everything you gain you lose something." If Emerson's doctrine is a true one, and I believe it is, what are the compensations that a home on the farm renders to the growing girl? Can this home build up, round out, and complete the character which will result in a happy womanhood? Let us first see what she loses from her environments when compared with her more fortunate city sister. She loses the stir, the impulse to step faster because of the throng which presses all around one, the education which comes with scarcely an effort through the channel of the eye and the ear, from the busy, crowded streets, the familiarity with men and things, choice of companions, co-operative study and work, ripe thoughts from the living lips of wise men, inspiring music, the master play, the art gallery; yes, all these and many things more does our country girl miss which tell in the growth of her city sister. And yet, for all that, I do not regret that the first sixteen years of my life were spent on the farm, far from all these educational means. For all that, I count it a loss which cannot be made good if a few weeks of each summer's vacation are not mine at the old homestead, and for all the delight the city has for me, I expect to spend, if anywhere, a peaceful and contented old age where I spent my youth.

In place of the city sights and sounds, with its bustle and endless change, the country girl has the blue sky, the fleecy

cloud, the glowing sunset, the majestic storm, the miracle of budding leaf and flower, the mystery of the burning bush of autumn, the ice and snow crystals of winter, the hum of insects and the sweet carol of birds.

She may not have the delightful companionship of chosen friends of her own age, but the possibility of hurtful companionship is made less, and tender home ties may nowhere else be so closely bound. To me at the old home, nothing could compensate as I see it, for the constant companionship of my mother, made possible by her freedom from the demands of society. The walks with her in meadow and wood, the fairy lore of a distant land that she then taught me; her descriptions of the picturesque scenery of her native home beyond the sea; its castles and its cottages; its peat beds and its fairs, so interwoven with stories of her own home life there, were all so vivid to me, that sometimes now, it seems to me, I must have once breathed the mountain air of Wales, though I was born in the forest wilds of Wisconsin, and have never crossed the briny sea.

No evening service in a finely equipped church could awaken more true devotion than the Sunday evening circle in our early home, when seated around the large table with father and mother as teachers, and brothers and sisters as classmates, I learned to read in the language of the distant fatherland the entertaining Bible. I needed no better incentive than my father's hand on my head and his "Well done, my girl," from his lips. A compensation for the concert we missed came afterward in the dear old Welsh hymns which our father and mother sang for us, the notes of which recalled now in our vacation days, will bring tears to the eyes of any one of the old circle.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.

The strength which one receives from an anchorage in one's youth to one place, to a few familiar haunts, is frequently dwelt upon by George Eliot, whose early home was in the country. We need but to read the table of contents in a collection of Whittier's poems, or those of the Cary sisters, to recall how these simple sights and experiences of country life inspired their pure thought and noble song.

Incomparable are the advantages of a country girl for physical development. Pure air, fresh, unadulterated food, outdoor work and pastimes, better conditions for sleep, should make her superior to her city sister in the great essential of a sound body.

* * * * *

Not all the correctives I have tried to hint at are enough to prevent occasional unrest and weariness. The preacher, the merchant, the lawyer and teacher would grow rusty and crusty if they never took a vacation. The necessity which comes to all workful lives for occasional periods of rest and change of scene is less recognized by farmers than it should be. The woman's sphere in the home is necessarily most narrow and confining, and she it is, who from lack of it grows cross, hopeless, morbid, insane. That a woman's home and work are on a farm is no reason that the city and its attractions should be a blank to her. Here comes in the beautiful law of reciprocity. Her country home is a haven of comfort, rest and enjoyment to her city friend and the city home of her friend becomes a complement of her own, supplying the change and recreation which she needs.

A healthy body, habits of industry, a business tact, a strong attachment to home, a cultured mind, a helpful spirit, a loving, reverent soul, these all may the farm bring to the girl. Need I suggest what the girl thus developed may bring to the farm? You who have a loving daughter that is the light and life of your home, know what she does bring to the farm, with all her frailties, now. You who have a patient, faithful wife, a tender, self-sacrificing mother, know what she will bring to the farm home of the future when one worthy of her shall ask her to share and bless it.—Ellen C. Lloyd Jones.

Call it the "Voice of God" or human wisdom, did not the teachings of Moses come out of the expectation and discontent of his people? Were not the prophets impelled by strife and failures to look for further revelations of the still Unknown Being they feign would worship? Was not the blessed Jesus, however human or divine, a witness for the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemaker? Did not Shakespeare find his Othellos and Desdemonas, Dickens his Oliver Twists, Little Nells, Gradgrinds and Pickwicks? Victor Hugo had the whole surging French nation in his heart, out of which to write his books. Emerson was a voice for the million. He knew and loved those who sat at his feet. Mr. Alcott knew he was talking for the world, and Miss Alcott is aware that Mrs. Jo is like other mothers and her boys like other boys. Newton was not the only man who wondered why things should fall. Not alone Copernicus watched the skies, and others besides Columbus looked longingly over the seas. The secrets of retort and crucible have been sought by midnight laborer as well as by alchemist in his laboratory. Impressions in soil and rock, and varieties and classes in nature are found by the lonely wanderer as well as by the commissioned and attended explorer. Distances, weights and momentums are calculated by workmen as by architect. Signs, cycles and space are studied by sailors as by scholars. Thus discoveries proceed, theology loiters, and truth grows; while errors slowly disappear as dust when shaken from the petals of a rose or brushed from statues of stone.

R. A. C.

Ignatius Donnelly's Comet.

Prof. Alexander Winchell, in the September *Forum*, dissects a book called "Ragnarok," by Ignatius Donnelly. This book is a sort of pseudo-scientific romance, intended to prove that the superficial accumulation which the geologists call "drift" was brought to the earth by a comet. Professor Winchell says of the book: "It is worth reading; at least, if one wishes chiefly to be amused by an extraordinary association of facts and legends and conclusions. If one never saw a square plug fit a round hole, here is a rare opportunity. Literature has never been the field of equal jugglery. He arrays so much that is true in science, and genuine in legend, and wise in proverb, and excellent in style, that if he means his book for a scientific romance, it is one of the most successful ever set afloat; while, if he means it as a sober argument for a striking theory, it stands by the side of 'Paradise Found' as a phenomenal aggregation of varied learning sundered from its conclusions. Is it harmless to inculcate fable with such gravity that a majority of readers accept it for fact? Does science receive no prejudice from an exposition as attractive and baseless as a romance, but dressed in the conventional garb of genuine science?"

When the professor gets through with the book, it remains as a romance, but is annihilated as a work of science. Many other popular books might well be submitted to the furnace fires of similar analysis, and their false and harmful character shown. Mr. Donnelly is not the only one who romances in the guise of science.

S. L.

Use and Abuse of the Bible.

Between 3000 and 2000 years ago, a sacred literature sprang up among the Hebrew people; it grew to be a collection of 39 books,—legend, law, history, poetry, prophecy, philosophy. It flooded the mind of the nation like a fertilizing stream; it shone in their firmament like a sun; it gradually acquired a mysterious authority as the Word of God—the only Oracle—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But then it became a stumbling-block; for this false theory of scripture as a finality closed the minds of the people to further light and chained them to the past. When a new prophet arose, charged with fresh inspiration, and calling them to *advance*, they stood still in their tracks. "Abraham was our father; Moses our law-giver; God has said his last word long ago."

So the new prophet was killed and Judaism stiffened into an arrested development.

But the new life was not killed; and it produced more sacred books, with a new mixture of history, legend, gospel, prophecy, sublime morality and divine humanity. The New Testament went the way of the Old. From being a fountain of light and comfort, it became a rigid authority, a fetter upon the mind, a padlock upon the lips, and a quarry of building material for dogmatists. There are millions who go to it not merely for the spiritual nourishment which both Testaments and all noble literature supply, but for literal truth mathematically expressed; taking for God's exact law and word their own interpretations of the English translation of the Greek translation of the Aramaic speech of Jesus, as it survived in the memory of his anonymous reporters. A wonderful and glorious survival indeed,—radiant with a light which no clouds can quench; but still a light reflected and transmitted through a medium quite fallible and imperfect; namely, the ambiguous language of man.

"The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life." And the spirit ever speaks through the letter,

"As sunbeams stream through liberal space."

The spirit of truth within us must be the interpreter of every record, and must help us to winnow the wheat from the chaff. The Word of God—the truth, the reason, the wisdom, by which men and angels live—abideth forever. That word is in the ancient books; it is in the modern mind; it is hidden in our hearts; it is old as eternity; it is young as the morning.—Charles G. Ames, in the 1887 "Year Book" of his church.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Great Book.

Similar to the feelings raised when first seeing the mountains or the sea, are those inspired by the reading of a great book. As in the first case, nature has become elevated in our minds, so in the latter, has human nature. Is it not Emerson who says, "Reading a great work, we are for the time being the noble hero?" Victor Hugo mentions how a high literary production shows us mankind as worthier than we had supposed, we partaking of that worth. Thinking in this direction, cannot we decide upon the test of a great book? It will leave us thinking more nobly of men, and somewhat more devoted to the true than we were before.

I had heard so much of Tolstoi's tragic "Anna Karenina," and of the harrowing effect it would leave on the mind, I was loth to read it. Yet the middle weeks of August will ever be memorable to me as having made the acquaintance of that wonderful book. I should not think of calling it harrowing, but that the first statement with regard to it should be: It gives one of the greatest ethical teachings with more power than almost any modern novel.

Can any one point to any book that shows more clearly the power of the individual, exclusive of circumstances, to make or mar life? In almost all works of fiction, circumstances play an important part in the moulding of destinies. But here we seem to see the two souls, independently, almost, slowly evolving, one toward purity and peace, the other toward sin and sorrow. The novelist has placed them in fine juxtaposition, and our hearts are so linked with both, that when we read of Levin, we share with childish freedom his simple joys, and when we read of Anna, we know the passion and the unrest. Even when Levin is disappointed in love, or contemplates suicide, there is such an absence of bitterness and gnawing remorse we cannot feel wholly unhappy for him; we can turn to his palliatives with abandon, swing the scythe all day with the peasants, eat the dry bread, drink from the rusty dipper the brook water warmed by the sun and tasting of the floating grass, crying, "There was never so sweet a draught!" Every little detail of his home life we take an interest in. (We shouldn't think of calling these particulars inartistic.)

This is all because here is an earnest soul striving for the

good. We care a great deal more about his succeeding in his quest than we do about his marrying Kitty. In most novels we should have been shocked at the husband's finding his wife so different from his ideal, but here it only adds a vivid, poetic touch to the picture of Levin's development. The book ends with a ringing word of hope, and, even after reading of Anna's pitiful fate, one closes it with that stirring word sounding clearest.

But Anna! What a fascinating, sad heart! Strong must be the hand that could lead her along that career. The real novelist loves his characters, and we almost fancy Tolstoi himself weeping, as day by day that brilliant, delicate mind succumbed to the dread fate. She makes us all her lovers from the first. In that interview with Dolly, when, glowing with health and beauty and affection, she tells how she could forgive the mortal offence that wronged woman was suffering, we see the exaltation of her nature. In the reaction of that nature from the passion that is alluring her, when she decides to return at once to her home, where her little boy shall keep her safe, how we sympathize with her! But alas! the fatal step has already been taken. It is the *first* step that ruins, "the little rift within the lute." How plainly we are shown that in this book. No amount of good resolutions afterward availed. Indeed, did she not very soon pass to the place where resolutions are impossible? Some one has remarked how Goethe taught the same truth in the "Elective Affinities",—the significance of just that answering look or hand clasp. Tolstoi does not leave us in any doubt that Anna knew her sin from the first. He lets us see, also, how the mind that thus chooses sin knows that it can not escape punishment. Anna took no means toward reinstating herself in the society whose laws she had violated. How impotent all such efforts would appear to the self-torturing mind! And we may not regret Anna's pain. It would be insensibility to suffering where sin has been committed that we should regret. Frightful would have been the condition and the lesson, had any of the results of her sin been less than the writer's faithful hand has here depicted.

Yet the picture, realistic as it is, leaves in the mind a poetic memory, second only to that of Francesca in Dante's "Inferno."

A. M. G.

Another Lesson from Miss Phelps.

The best lessons taught by the writer, poet or preacher, are often of an incidental character, and quite apart from his conscious object and intention. Miss Phelps makes the problem of man's spiritual existence after death the subject of her latest volume, "Between the Gates,"* as of two preceding works with similar titles, and different readers will find the lesson she aims to teach in this respect of differing degrees of use and value. For myself, I find the incidental lesson on the moral weight and significance of words of sufficient importance to justify the existence of the book, quite aside from the graver topics with which it deals, and its literary and artistic merit. "Between the Gates", is the story of a disembodied spirit, known on earth as Dr. Esmerald Thorne, a busy and successful physician, and in philosophy a strict scientist, as that term is construed in the teachings of modern materialism. Late in life he experienced the one ideal passion of his life in the love of a woman—one of those strong, delicate womanly creatures Miss Phelps loves to portray—who afterward became his wife. Three years of married life passed, full of poetic inspiration and happiness, bringing to them one beautiful child, a boy. But great as this happiness was, it could not undo the work of years and change the quick, impetuous, domineering character of the successful doctor into one of constant thoughtfulness and courtesy, such as befits the married lover and the gentleman at his own fireside. Loving his wife more than ever, and with a chivalrous devotion that converted her into mingled goddess and saint, Esmerald Thorne admits that, dear as his happiness was, he came in time to "get used to it." The cares of a hurried professional career crept inside the home,

and having been a nervous, exacting man before marriage, he remained the same after. One evening he reaches home unusually worn and out of sorts, in that irascible frame of mind which the slightest circumstance provokes to intemperate speech. He is annoyed at his wife, for compelling him, through her loving habit of waiting for him, to come home at all, when he could ill spare the time. He is in a rage against some of his fellow-practitioners who have different ideas from his about the construction of the new hospital. He is angry because he is served with quails for supper instead of a nutritious roast. He has lost money on Stock street; and upbraids his wife because she will not take his word for it that the teething boy up-stairs is not really sick, only fretful. Other women trust his word implicitly in such matters—why can not she? And so he hurries out of the house, to take the reins of a restive horse, which dashes down the street with him in a mad runaway, upsetting and instantly killing him.

Shorn of the flesh, yet filled with agonized remorse for the sins committed in it, Esmerald Thorne looks back on his life, and admits that he was always an irritable man—one of those who was "quick" with servants, and who often spoke with scornful impatience to his nearest friends, who excused it on the ground that that was one of the Doctor's "peculiarities." The habit began when he was a boy, a bright, precocious youth, and his mother's idol, who petted and deferred to him even in his babyhood. His father was an irritable man before him, and he, the son, had early conceived the idea that this kind of fault was the natural prerogative of masculinity. What a frequent hint for reflection is here. Esmerald Thorne's is not the only household where the quick, authoritative tone which bespeaks instant attention on the part of all the female members, is that naturally permissible to masculine lips. With women, Esmerald Thorne's tone was necessarily that of the master, since, until he met his wife, he had known only sick women, who clung to and depended on him like children. Helen seemed the first well woman he had ever seen, and above and around her absolute physical well-being glowed a kind of moral radiance. And he loved her—loved her truly, with strong, manly passion, and a romantic fondness. The account of his despair and remorse when, being dead, he finds it impossible to atone for the crime of that last leave-taking, reads, as I heard some one say, like the description of a Protestant purgatory. All the repentant husband's being is strained and tortured with the single desire to return to earth and make things right with Helen; but this, according to Miss Phelps' knowledge of the laws of our coming existence, is denied him. Hating interference and authority when alive, Esmerald Thorne rebels against it no less when dead. Heaven's joys and mysteries are naught to him until he can see his wife and obtain her forgiveness. But this is not to be; and slowly and painfully this arrogant, self-seeking spirit learns the difficult virtue of humble obedience. The work of regeneration then begun, his wish to atone takes on a more unselfish form,—that of a desire to be made a visiting ministrant to the human homes of earth, there to teach the "sacred graces of human speech,—the preciousness and poignancy of words." He would "emphasize the opportunity of those who love each other—set the whole force of a man's experience and a spirit's power to make an irritable scene in loving homes as degrading as a blow." To such an apparently humble, but glorious, ambition had all the talent, experience and fame of the renowned physician come at last.

Speaking of the effect which mere words may have on a sensitive soul, Doctor Thorne says of himself he might as well have struck his wife as have compelled her to submit to this kind of "moral pummeling," doubting if he would have proved a less amiable fellow had he "worn cowhide boots and kicked her." For him, a man of learning and judgment, a loving and careful husband, and withal a supposed gentleman, the sin had been as great. "I, with what I was pleased to term my high organization and special training—I, like any brutal kind, had berated my wife—had belabored her with the bludgeons that bruise the life out of women's souls."

Not women's souls only! Often the most sensitive, as the most loving, nature in the household's is the man's, and the

*BETWEEN THE GATES. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. \$1.25.

"moral pommeling" comes from another source. By many, irritability would be set down as a fault more native to women than to men; but I have no interest in computing differences of that kind, feeling sure that no fault nor virtue is the exclusive birthright of either sex. The power to feel constitutes the basis of character in both man and woman, and great and inexcusable as Jesus made the offending of "these little ones" is the sin of wounding the heart that loves us. Unhappily, the instinct of cruelty remains after we have, in very shame, dropped its old barbarous means of expression. The tongue is an abiding possession after the lash and whipping post have been abolished. That instrument of keenest torture and malice awaits our training into the practice of those daily amenities of human speech which enter everywhere into the converse of truly-enlightened and cultivated souls. Esmerald Thorne had to die before he discovered how grave a fault, and merciless in its results, his of swift, intemperate speech was; but the rest of us, instructed by his example, whether we accept the main facts of his narrative or not, may learn it sooner, and need not wait for his excuse for repenting of and mending it.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

"CONSCIOUS MOTHERHOOD," by Miss Emma Marwedel, is the initiatory volume of the great work on which she has been practically engaged for the last five years, "The introduction of children to the forms and poetry of nature," by their own inventive work in drawing during their earliest years in the kindergarten and primary school. This volume is the most adequate response to Froebel's great discovery of method that has been written, and shows the author to be altogether his superior disciple in philosophic insight, artistic genius, and the enthusiasm of humanity. Every mother, every father, as well as every radical statesman, will find it a most inspiring manual. Her chapters on the statistics of crime, insanity, idiocy, etc., are most appalling, and show that her ideality does not shut her eyes to the morose facts that stare us in the face from all parts of our own country. It seems to me that the book will make a new era and give a new character to our civilization. It is published by the Inter-State Co., 30 Franklin street, Boston, and also in Chicago, and for \$1.50 will be sent postpaid to any address. It is a book of 563 pages.

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

"EARTH outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth;
And those *debonnaire* romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run;
Look up, brothers, to the sun!
Truth is fair; shall we forego it?
Do we right to sigh for wrong?
God himself is the best poet,
And the real is His song."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY:—As, perhaps, there are those who would be pleased to hear something of the progress of liberal sentiment in my post-office parish, I would first say, for the gratification and encouragement of my co-workers in the cause of liberal Christianity, that the present outlook is altogether favorable. I could command a large territory did my financial means justify it, but I find very much to encourage me. Besides numerous large packages of Unitarian literature, which I obtain from the American Unitarian Association, I am receiving almost every week packages of tracts, *Registers*, *Reviews* and *UNITIES*, from the ladies—of Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other points. These, in turn, I am continuing to distribute in my own locality, and to send off, as well, to other localities. There are large numbers of liberal thinkers in and around Jamestown who enjoy this kind of literature, among the number a young, promising and intelligent physician, upon whose mind I think I am making deep impressions. I have a lady correspondent at Moberly, Mo., to whom I sent another package last week, who rejoices in the Unitarian be-

lief. There is also another lady at Frankton, Ind., an Adventist, with whom I am exchanging tracts and papers, and of whom I have some faint hopes. May God speed the good work.

JAMESTOWN, O.

BEVERLY SHELEY.

THE HOME.

Boys and Homes.

Every now and then one reads, in the best papers, false sentiments about boys and their relations to their homes. They are spoken of as if they are wholly devoid of the sense of responsibility that even the ordinarily trained boy ought to possess; as if the ingenuity of every member of the family need be taxed to devise means for keeping them, especially in the evening, in the home where certainly one might suppose they ought to expect to be at seasonable hours. I think a great deal of harm is done by articles suggesting to sisters how to keep their brothers at home in the evening, or to mothers offering hints for making home attractive to their sons. It would be far better to propose to the boys themselves methods for helping to make home a pleasant place!

Not long ago, a little lad of twelve was trying to persuade his mother to allow him to play on the street with his mates after dark. When other arguments had failed, he said, "But home is so dull! The ——" (naming a paper his mother valued) "says, no wonder boys don't care to stay home in the evening, so little is done for them to amuse them, and that's why some boys get into rough company." The mother lifted the boy's face toward her own, and looked deep down into his eyes. Said she, "My child, what kind of a boy would he be who made a dull home the excuse for joining rough companions?" "Not a good one, of course," said the truthful little lad, blushing.

Why can not those writers who are so anxious for the welfare of our boys speak the truth? Why write as if there were really some excuse for their entering into evil ways? There is no reason why a boy should feel less than a girl his obligations to the home. If the home is dull, why urge upon the daughter alone to enliven it? Why not urge upon both son and daughter? Some homes are dull. Fathers and mothers have strenuous labors and cares. When evening comes they require rest. Who should enliven such homes? The weary mother, or just the daughter? Why should not the son set his young brain to work to "make things pleasant?" There is a suggestion of weakness in that mother, who, having done her duties faithfully through the day, and with every faculty used to its utmost limit, yet compels herself to overwork for the sake of keeping her son from spending his evenings with evil associates. Why has she not trained him concerning his duties to the home? And in those zealous writers of advice to mothers and daughters one detects a lack of earnest thought, deep thought, upon this subject. Let the appeals be made to the boys themselves. Few boys are so devoid of a sense of honor but that a few honest words to them would set the matter before them in its true light. No honorable boy would accept from mother and sister offices that really were his own to perform. Say to the boys that it is their trust to help make the home a cheerful place in the evening,—that father and mother, busy for them all day, have a *right* to sometimes expect entertainment from them, finding in their society and plans relaxation from cares that often press too heavily. No true boy, who can be made to feel the truth of this, will ever need to have his mother or sister advised as to means of keeping him in the house evenings.

The trouble seems to be that boys are not taught to feel their responsibility in this direction. They need to be approached as if they had more character and sense of duty. The best thing I have lately read, written for the benefit of boys, was by Mr. Blake, about manly boys. I wish that gentleman would speak further. I read his words to two boys I know, and a certain expression of the eyes told me that they had an effect. Perhaps Mr. Blake will tell his view of boys' duties toward the home.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The winter's work of the Unity Club of All Souls Church has fairly begun. Last Sunday the pastor preached, in accordance with a suggestion made some months ago by the Unity Club Bureau, "On the Importance of the Intellectual Life," and on Monday evening the parlors of the church overflowed with upwards of a hundred people at the first session of the Emerson Section, where Mr. Gannett led the conversation on "How to get into Emerson and what you find when you get there." The talk was a memorable one to those who heard it, and the enthusiasm looking towards future study was great in the club. —The Third Church has just put out its annual for 1887-88; a very neat pamphlet of 36 pages, which shows the careful hands of diligent workers everywhere. Every meeting of the church, with the exception of the Sunday morning services, from September 29 to June 29, is put down. The work of the church is divided into four sections, social, charitable, Sunday-school and missionary. The Unity Club is to confine its study entirely to Unitarian history and doctrine. The studies are arranged for fourteen evenings, five of them given to Unitarianism in the Bible, three to Unity with three manifestations, three to the mediatorial view of Unitarianism, and three to the humanitarian view. There is a Longfellow class that is to study *Ivanhoe* and *Rienzi*, a musical club which is to have a Schubert, Rubenstein and Mozart evening, a young people's club to attend to the good time. The annual contains a directory of the parish and associate organizations. If one wants to see how a church may be put to work, let him send for one of these annuals to James Vila Blake, corner Monroe and Laflin streets.

—The subject at the noon teachers' meeting was the temptation of Jesus, Mr. Blake leading. He began by calling attention to the change of significance of the rite of baptism in the Christian church. At first it implied a confession of the Messiahship of Jesus. Then it came to mean the washing away of sins. So firm became this belief that many postponed their baptism to as late a date as possible, that it might wash away the more sins. This motive is assigned to Constantine, who is reputed to have kept a priest near him in case of an emergency, so that his baptism might pass him into heaven clean. Mr. Blake also noticed the change in the thought of Satan, from being an angel of the Lord, used to test the virtue of his children, to an adversary who had dominion over the unregenerate world. Of the story of the temptation, Mr. Blake said it must be understood as veritable history, allegorical or poetical representation of an inward experience, or a mythical growth springing out of the loving hearts of the

people and accepted as true by the writer of Luke. Two pleasant episodes occurred during the session. One, an exhibition by Mr. B. B. Wiley, of the Third church, of some beautifully mounted flowers from the neighborhood of Jerusalem; some ancient coin, that was perhaps the widow's mite; also the reading of a letter from one who was once a resident of Chicago, and now living in Jerusalem, awaiting the literal fulfilment of every Messianic promise in the Bible. The second was the entering of Mr. Batchelor with the old time smile and cheer. His presence was very welcome, and his clear word in the discussion was helpful as always.

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association met on Thursday, Sept. 29, at the church of the Messiah, the president, Mrs. S. W. Conger, in the chair. The attendance was unusually large for the first meeting, more than a hundred ladies being present. Lunch was served at half-past twelve, after which the meeting was called to order, the minutes of the last meeting read and accepted. The following resolutions were offered by Mrs. Woolley:

WHEREAS, Since our last meeting our sister, Mrs. E. John Fry, has passed away from our midst, we in loving remembrance offer the following:

Resolved, That in her gentleness, humility, and transparent goodness, we recognize a character of rare worth and beauty.

Resolved, That we extend to her sorrowing relatives our sincere sympathy in the great loss they have sustained.

And of our sister, Mrs. Charles F. Weber, it is also with tender memory

Resolved, That from her sincere and noble character we derive a high and inspiring example, and that we extend to her family our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

Mrs. Jones reported happily on current religious events for the month. She spoke of the accession of Dr. Townsend, of Jamestown, N. Y., to our ranks; of the absorption of the *New Theology Herald* by UNITY; of the growth of liberal sentiment in England; of the manufacture and use of soap in the Holy Land, and the rise in corner lots in Jerusalem, as hopeful indications of progress. Mrs. E. A. West, of the Third church, then read an able and instructive paper on temperance work in Unitarian churches. She spoke first of the imperative need of temperance agitation, as seen in the eighteen miles of saloon front in the city of Chicago; of the fifteen millions spent annually in drink, besides the time wasted in dissipation, and the enfeebled constitutions of children born of intemperate parents, of the fact attested by the officers of the Women's Reformatory at Sherborn, Mass., that ninety-seven in a hundred of the inmates were addicted to drink; of the frequency with which judges call attention to the fact that the great proportion of crime is committed under the influence of intoxicants. She then gave some account of the formation of the Church Temperance Society at the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, and of its anniversary meeting at Tremont Temple, Boston, with extracts from the valuable addresses delivered on that occasion by Governor Long, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. M. J. Savage, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and Rev. J. L. Jones. Previous to the formation of the Church Temperance Society two churches had formed societies: those of Dorchester, Mass., and St. Paul, Minnesota. Thirty such societies have since been formed. Letters from Rev. C. A. Staples and Rev. Lyman Clark gave an account of temperance educational work done in their churches. Mrs. West also gave some facts relative to the use and effects of alcohol in medical practice, giving the opinion of eminent physicians that alcoholic spirits were unnecessary, and even harmful, and closed by referring to the benefits resulting from temperance agitation. Mrs. Butler, of Oak Park, followed in a paper on temperance work in Universalist churches, in which she showed

that the ministry of that church had from the first been strenuous advocates of temperance, and had done good work for the cause; Pierpont, Ballou, Chapin, Miner, and others having been prominent and arduous laborers in the field. She also gave an interesting account of work for temperance in which the ladies of Oak Park Universalist church had joined with the W. C. T. U. in establishing a reading room where boys of the street were entertained and instructed in the most helpful way on nearly every evening in the week. Quotations from Channing's famous address on temperance were read by Miss Brown, after which a spirited discussion followed, in which Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Effinger, Mrs. West, Mrs. Galvin, and Miss Leavens took part. The association then adjourned to meet on the last Thursday in October, at the Third church. The meeting was full of interest and inspiration and all felt that the year's work had been most auspiciously begun.

Philadelphia.—With October 1st, the First church was opened, and the Spring Garden society added evening to morning services. This placed all the liberal organizations upon the active footing again, save Mr. Weston's, which is to resume its meetings later in the month. Clifford is to speak for Chadwick on the 9th.

—Unity church, Camden, is preparing for a fair in December, the income from which is designed for the building fund.

—Adler, Salter, Sheldon and Weston have been in consultation here the better part of a week upon matters attending the direction of the Ethical movement.

—Whatever may be thought of the significance of liberal organization in itself, the fact that Mr. Mangasarian's secession to the Unitarian from the Presbyterian church, the formation of the Camden Society, and the successful entrance of the society for ethical culture upon this new field, have marked the three or four years gone, virtually doubling the organized force of liberals, is a notable thing not wisely to be passed by.

—A great stir has been made in this city by certain irate Presbyterians who imagined some offense in the way the religious position of the Centennial Ceremonies in Independence square were arranged. It is the Popery, in particular, as discovered in Cardinal Gibbon's presence and prayer, that raised the alarm of these critics. Yet Chairman Kasson has explained that Presbyterians were in no way discriminated against, but that the matters as prepared were thought fair enough to all. The fact is, the Presbyterian would not have complained had some Methodist or Baptist been chosen in place of the cardinal. Indeed, they express themselves as feeling that the Catholic church is inimical to the liberty celebrated, and should therefore not be recognized in such ceremonies.

—The personal liberty party lately sprung into existence here, is organizing ward leagues which are likely to express their indignation, so far as possible, in political action.

—Mr. Haskell delivered an address on "Agnosticism" at Unity church, Camden, September 21, which was generous and inclusive, and deserved a larger hearing than it received there. I believe the Wednesday evening meetings are hereafter to be a feature in the church's programme.

H. L. T.

Boston.—The conference of Unitarian ministers at Princeton, Mass., creates a scarcity of the brethren this week at the A. U. A. rooms. A new edition of J. F. Clarke's tract entitled, "Why am I a Unitarian?" is now ready for gratuitous distribution by our A. U. A. secretary.

—On the first Sunday in October Rev. E. E. Hale will commence his pastorate over the joint body made up by his own society and the Hollis Street society. By Doctor Hale's removal from his old church a large territory at the south part of the city will be left without liberal preaching, except that of one Universalist church, and there is talk among our denomination of starting a modest new "People's church" within that district.

—Our trio of western missionaries—Rev. Messrs.

Savage, Herford and Dole, have returned full of apostolic confidence in the western churches and the western opportunity to spread our faith among an appreciative people. They report such progress in our cause in the west as promises it soon to be self sustaining in many localities.

Westford, Mass.—Under the leadership of Rev. E. B. Maglathlin, a branch of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society has been organized, the name being the Westford True Helpers. The first meeting brought together a membership which assures success. Miss Clara Fisher is president, Miss Luanna Fisher, secretary.

The National Post-office Mission Committee, with a view to lessening the expenses of the work as much as possible, have arranged to have the advertising done at wholesale rates. Any one wishing to take advantage of this offer will please send full instructions as to papers desired, form of advertisement and amount to be spent, to Miss Florence Everett, 17 Park street, Dorchester, Mass.

—Any one wishing advice as to advertising will do well to enclose the sum to be invested, and in that case to leave the wording of the advertisement to Miss Everett, who will report at once as to the use made of the money.

—All workers who do not wish to use the agency are requested to report to Miss Everett at once as to the papers they use, that no time may be lost by inserting an advertisement in a paper already carrying one. Any one seeing this notice, who can procure one or more free insertions of an advertisement in any educational papers or magazines, or in any having a large circulation, will materially aid the work by communicating with Miss Everett.

FRANCES LEBARON, Secy.

By order of the committee.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Oct. 9, services at 11 A. M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Oct. 9, services at 11 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Oct. 9, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Oct. 9, services at 10:45 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Oct. 9, services at 11 A. M. Mr. Edwin D. Mead will occupy the pulpit with the pastor next Sunday morning, and will speak on "Emerson and Evolution." In the evening Mr. Jones will give the first of his sermons on Great Pictures—Raphael's "Transfiguration." The first session of the "Novel" section of the Unity Club will be held Monday evening. Mr. Jones will read the introductory paper on Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." The Choral Club meets Wednesday evening at 8 P. M. Confirmation Class, Saturday, 10:30 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. Teachers' meeting, Friday evening, at 7:30, and "parish sing" at 8:30.

The address of Rev. George Batchelor, until further notice, will be in care of Rev. J. H. Crooker, Madison, Wis.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POETRY. Outline studies prepared by the Chicago Browning Society, containing full classifications of Browning's poems, by subject and by date of writing, with shorter programmes for class use, explanatory notes, etc. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents, mailed. Catalogues free. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, Chicago.

FIRST ANNUAL INSTITUTE

OF THE

Western Unitarian S. S. Society.

It has been for a long time felt that the crowded week of our Western Anniversaries has given little chance for the adequate discussion of Sunday-school and Unity Club work among our western churches. The directors of the above society have concluded to make a beginning in a wiser way and to hold, this fall, the first of a series of annual institutes. The meetings are to be held with the Third church, where all visiting attendants will be cordially entertained. Below we give a tentative programme, printing only the names of those who have accepted. All the parts have been assigned, but the correspondence is not yet complete. The directors are confident that the programme will be carried out essentially as given below. A full and revised edition of the programme will be printed and circulated as soon as possible.

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

8 P. M., J. Vila Blake in charge. Opening sermon, Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, Mich.

Wednesday, November 9.

9 A. M., J. L. Jones and Miss E. E. Gordon, of Sioux City, Iowa, in charge. S. S. Institute work. Questions and discussions.

2 P. M., in charge of —. Unity Club Session. 30 minutes Essay, "Unity Clubs' their methods; the Bureau, etc." Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, Mass.

Four types of Unity Clubs. 15 minute outlines of study courses and methods,

- a. Emerson.
- b. Social Politics. J. Vila Blake.
- c. Art History.
- d. Travels, etc.

8 P. M., Musical Evening. J. Vila Blake and Prof. Tomlins in charge.

Thursday, November 10.

9 A. M., in charge of —. Old Testament work,

- a. "The mythical element and its use in Sunday-schools."
- b. "The ethical element." Dr. H. W. Thomas.
- c. "The evolution of Religion in the Old Testament."

2 P. M., in charge of —. Primary Sunday-school work. Kindergarten methods, etc.

8 P. M., in charge of David Utter. Unity Club Session. 30 min. essay, "The undeveloped sides of Unity Club work."

Four types of Unity Club Study.

- e. Philosophy.
- f. Browning.
- g. Novels.
- h. Miscellaneous studies in Literature.

Friday, November 11.

9 A. M., in charge of —.

- a. S. S. ethical studies in stories for little ones.
- b. Conduct lessons for middle classes.
- c. Citizen and neighbor studies for older classes.

The interest and attendance of Sunday-school and club workers in all our western churches are earnestly requested. Send names of those who are to attend as early as possible.

E. T. LEONARD,

Sec'y W. U. S. S. Society.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Books sent for review by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and will receive such further notice as the interests of our readers justify. Any book in this list will be mailed on receipt of price by CHARLES H. KERR & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 434. \$1.25.

Gesta Romanorum. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. C. Swan. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 253. \$1.00.

The Passion of Life. By Jessie Wilson Manning. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Cloth, pp. 75. \$1.00.

Love and Theology. By Celia Parker Woolley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 439. \$1.50.

The English Language. By J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M. A. Boston, New York and Chicago: D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth, pp. 388.

Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakespeare. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 188. \$1.25.

Miss Luddington's Sister. By Edward Belamy. Boston: Ticknor & Company. Cloth, pp. 260. 50 cts.

The World to Come. By William Burnet Wright. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 307. \$1.25.

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Seeley, J. R., M. A. Ecce Homo. A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. In his preface to this book the author says it discusses no theological questions whatever, but endeavors to furnish an answer to the question, What was Christ's object in founding the society called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object? 16mo. \$1.00.

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Stebbins, Rufus P., D. D. A study of the Pentateuch. For Popular Reading. An inquiry into the age of the so-called books of Moses, with an introductory examination of recent Dutch theories, as represented by Dr. Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Substantially a reprint of articles published in the Unitarian Review, 1879 and 1880. 12 mo. Cloth. \$1.25.

Talbot, George Foster. Jesus: His Opinions and Character. The New Testament Studies of a Layman. The conclusions, since they make Jesus simply a great moral teacher, and set aside as fabulous much of the Bible on which theological dogmas have been based, will be classed by some as rationalistic. Crown Octavo. Cloth. \$1.50.

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